



THE GREAT MYSTERY.

Could we but know
The land that ends our dark, uncertain
travel,
Where lies those happier hills and mead-
ows low.
Ah! if beyond the spirit's inmost evil,
Aught of the country could we surely
know,
Who would not go?
Might we but hear
The hovering angels high, imagined,
chorus,
Or catch, betimes, with wakeful eyes,
and clear,
One radiant vista of the realm before us—
With one rapt moment given to see and
hear,
Ah! who would fear?
Were we quite sure
To find the peerless friend who left us
lonely,
Or there, by some celestial stream, as
pure,
To gaze in eyes that here were lovelit
only—
This weary mortal coil, were we quite
sure,
Who could endure?
—Edmund Clarence Stedman.

A WOMAN SCORNED.

BY GERALDINE WYBURN O'NEIL.

It was rather embarrass-
ing for Maurice Con-
sidine that when he ar-
rived at the hotel at
Point of Rocks, having
come down there in
order to be near his fian-
cée, who was spending
the summer there, he found that the
girl who had been his fiancée and
whom he had jilted, was also staying
at the Point. For however he just-
ified his conduct, and glossed things
over to himself, there can be no
doubt that he had acted heartlessly to
Bessie Minnurn, and his knowledge of
this and his knowledge of Miss Min-
nurn's ideas of him, did not tend to
fill his mind with unalloyed pleasure.
But he was agreeably surprised
when the moment came for him to
meet his old love. She was not scorn-
ful, or theatrically cold to him; she
was just as gracefully courteous to him
as to the other men at the hotel, and
to all appearances had entirely gotten
over her attack of that dangerous dis-
ease of the brain which is called love,
and which annually makes more fail-
ures and gibbering idiots than ever
did the Demon Drink. She had be-
come fast friends with his new love,
little Violet Grantley, and they were
well nigh inseparable. Bessie's man-
ner to the little girl was most tender
and even caressing, and, though Vi-
olet knew that Maurice and Bessie had
been engaged and had parted, she
could not help but like her, that is, as
much as a girl can ever like the Other
Woman, the one whom He liked first,
and perhaps still likes better than
you.

Maurice was much in Bessie's com-
pany during the next month, and he
even began to think that perhaps he
had made a mistake, for she had im-
proved wonderfully since he had seen
her last; her beauty seemed to have
acquired a richer, warmer type, and
she was lovelier and more charming, and in
every way fascinating. She puzzled
him, she attracted him, and she an-
noyed him, for she did not seem to re-
gard him as material for flirting, though
she flirted desperately with almost
every one else, but when Maurice tried
to awaken sentimental memories of
old times in her mind, she laughed at
him. "I have quite got over that old
fanny," she said, "and it is useless for
you to try to revive it. There are no
blades in last year's nests," and she
laughed again and went down to the
pier to look at her boat, the Fly-by-
Night.

But the truth was that though she
carried a gay, smiling face, she had
never either forgotten or forgiven
Maurice or the girl who had taken him
from her. She did not make a show of
herself as a deserted maiden wearing
the yellow; for she had what is better
than the Christian virtues, the old
heathen gift of pride, so that she could
dance and flirt and joke, while her
heart was full of the blackness of des-
pair and the fires of Tophet.

Given a proud, high spirited and
vindictive girl who has been thrown
over by a man, place her in the com-
pany of that man and his new love,
and you have materials at hand for
annual things to happen; yet these
three seemed to be the best friends in
the world, and these seemed to be no
happier girl at Point of Rocks than
Bessie Minnurn.

There came a day too hot for any
exertion, when one could only lie in
the shade and long for evening to
come. The long, wear, blazing day
came to an end at last, the stars rose
cool and sweet, the blinding white
dust of the roads was laid by the dew
and the hotel guests began to stir and
show signs of animation. Bessie came
to Violet and Maurice in the dusk.
"What do you say," said she, "if we
cut this place and its stupid haunts
to-morrow and go sailing? I will wake
out my boat, and we will go on by
moonlight. Have you ever been out?
It is a pretty sight."

So they went down to the pier
where the Fly-by-Night lay, and
Maurice and Violet got in and sat for-
ward. Bessie cast loose the rope hold-
ing the boat and jumped in. Then she
and Maurice pushed the boat from the
pier with their hands, and together
hoisted the sails and the Fly-by-Night
took the breeze, softly heeled over
and went creeping down the little bay,
threading the crooked lanes of moon-

lit water between the sea grass. They
reached the outlet and swept through
into the broad sea, which was almost
smooth, there being just enough
breeze to fill the sails and carry them
along.

Bessie sat at the tiller and held the
sheet. She managed her boat with
perfect command, and the Fly-by-
Night seemed to obey her like a living
thing. She only moved slightly from
time to time as she shifted the helm,
and in that light her white yachting
suit and cap made her look like a
marble figure, except when the light
sparkled on her red-brown eyes or the
coils of her red hair, which glittered
like burnished copper.

They passed Gallows Hill, where the
English Governor hanged forty-
five pirates in a row in the good old
Colony times; they skirted the Haunted
Beach, where they say Captain
Kidd's spirit walks o' stormy nights,
and they drew up abreast with Point
Goodbye. To the east they saw a
brightly lighted bulk coming up
swiftly.

"The Fall River boat, City of
Gloster, coming up," said Bessie, and
shifted her helm, holding her boat to
the wind to let the steamer pass. The
steamer came up at speed; they could
see the brightly lighted port holes, and
the green side lights, hear the rum-
bling, pulsing thunder of the engines
and the steady "cur-ur-ur-ur," of the
paddles. It was close at hand, and
the little boat swung to the surge of
the steamer.

"Violet," said Bessie, suddenly and
sharply, "do you two people love each
other?"

"What a question!" said Maurice,
with an awkward laugh.
"No, but do you?" said Bessie again.
The steamer was so near now that
the deck lights shone on their boat.
Then jealousy raised its head in Vi-
olet's mind. "Of course we do," said
she and glared in the pang she thought
she inflicted on the other woman's
heart.

"Then," said Bessie, and her voice
rang like a bell, "kiss each other, for
you are about to die."

She swung the tiller hard over, and
the Fly-by-Night swung as a girl
swings in a waltz, the sails filled and
the boat rushed clear into the track
of the oncoming steamer. There was
no time to speak, to rise, to cry out;
it happened in a flash, in a moment.
For one breathless instant the steam-
er's lights shone on Bessie's face,
marble white, her eyes shining and
her teeth glistening between her part-
ed lips. Then there came one shout
from the steamer's lookout man, and
the thirty-foot stem of the City of
Gloster struck the side of the boat as
a crashing blow that smashed it as a
paper box crumbles when you step on
it, the mast flew over and whipped the
water and the iron keel of the steamer
rode on, over and through the boat,
while the "bat-bat-bat" of the
paddle wheels ground it to pieces.

The City of Gloster ran on a quar-
ter of a mile, stopped, reversed and
came back nearly to the spot. With
a few short orders and some stifled
exclamations some of the deck hands
lowered a boat, an officer took the
helm and said, "Give way," and they
rowed out past the circle of the
steamer's lights.

A little group of passengers and
deck hands clustered at the rail, and
watched the boat as it swept to and
fro over the water; no one spoke, and
an awe-struck silence rested over the
men.

At last the boat returned, was made
fast and hoisted, and the officer in
charge scrambled up to the deck.

Did you find anyone?" asked a quiet
voice from the upper deck.

"No one, sir."

"No one swimming or floating?"

"Nothing but a few boards; their
boat was smashed to toothpicks. They
must have gone clean under us and
been out to bits by the paddles."

The same quiet voice said "Go
ahead," a bell jingled in the engine
room, and the City of Gloster tore on
its way up the coast, while a few
pieces of wreckage tumbled in the
wake.—New York East Side News.

Experiments in Burial.

Experiments in surface burial have
been made by Mr. F. Seymour Haden,
the pioneer burial reformer, at his
estate at Alresford, Hants, the results
of which he communicates to the
Times. Laying the body of a calf,
pig, or dog on the ground, he "covers
it in every direction with a single foot
of earth," and finds at the end of a
year that only the bones remain. The
whole process is without effect on
the purity of the earth beneath, or the
sweetness of the air around. Deep
burial, he demonstrates, retards the
complete resolution of the animal
tissue. He has found that bodies
buried two feet deep take two years to
disappear, while at three feet they
take three years and so on. He in-
vites those interested to make the
pilgrimage to his experimental burial
ground.

Famous Bible Distributor.

Perhaps the most famous distribu-
tor of Bibles in the world was Deacon
William Brown, of New Hampshire.
He began the work in 1849, and kept
it up till his death, a few years ago, at
the age of seventy-six. During that
time no fewer than 120,000 copies of
the Scriptures were given out by him,
and despite his age in the two years
preceding his death he canvassed 239
towns and visited over 80,000 fami-
lies.

Twelve Years Dead and Unburied.

The late King Alfonso, of Spain,
who died twelve years ago, is still un-
buried. His remains lie covered in a
winding sheet on a marble slab in the
vault of the Escorial. It is to be hoped
the disinfectants are used. He will be
interred when the present King
dies, according to the Spanish custom,
which dates back to 1700.



Women of Other Days.

The fact that women had no prae-
nomens, or personal name, until marriage
sufficiently indicates what was the
social status of women among the
Romans, and even when through that
event she acquired a personality it
was only to merge it immediately in
that of her husband, the name she
then took being the feminine form of
that borne by him. Among the Ger-
manic races, on the contrary, the
frequency of feminine names denoting
war-like qualities—Brunhild, Chriem-
hild, Hildebrand, Mathilde (mighty
battle maid), Gertrude (spear maid),—
gives evidence not only of a recogni-
tion of woman's distinct personality,
but of her equality with man in a
sphere of action in which, in our own
day, she is generally content to cede
him not only pre-eminence, but exclu-
sive dominion.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Red-Headed Dinner.

Harper's Bazar says that in a certain
girls' college 20 red-haired under-
graduates recently gave a "red-headed
dinner." The red-haired damsels,
all "strawberry blondes" of course,
wore white dresses with red sashes,
flowers and badges; the table decora-
tions were red roses and red satin
ribbons, with red candles and shades
to match; the menu cards were red,
each one bearing the design of a
white horse. The soup was a puree
of tomato, the fish, salmon and the
dishes all followed the color as far as
possible. The affair was a great suc-
cess, and the following morning, by
permission of the faculty, the "red-
heads" marched into the chapel in a
body and sat in the front seats, and
after prayers saluted the president
and marched out again in solemn pro-
cession.

Women of Finland.

In all the walks of life open to them
the women of Finland are making
marked progress. In the University
of Helsingfors there are now 200
women students. More than 900
women are engaged as teachers of
various grades, about 1000 are em-
ployed in postoffices, railroad and
telegraph bureaus and other depart-
ments of the public service, and at
least 3000 are in business. Fifty-two
of the 80 poorhouses have women
superintendents, all of the dairies are
managed by women, one of the most
important industries of the country.
There are 13 paper mills, seven chemi-
cal pulp factories, three straw pulp
and 20 wood pulp and pasteboard
factories. The number of work peo-
ple employed in these factories
amounts to 5000, and the total num-
ber of paper machines in the country
is 46, most of them being of English
make.

Might Have Been Empress.

According to the Figaro of Paris,
the Duchess of Teck, who recently
died in England, might have been Em-
press of the French. As a matter of
fact, in 1852 Prince Charles Louis
Napoleon, then president of the French
Republic, asked the hand in marriage
of Princess Marie Adelaide Wilhel-
mina Elizabeth of Great Britain and
Ireland, daughter of the Duke of
Cambridge, former viceroy of Han-
over. Lord Palmerston, who was
then prime minister of England, sup-
ported the request, and advised the
marriage. The English court was
disposed to consent, but the young
princess herself absolutely refused
and declared that she would contract
no marriage that would compel her to
live outside of England. She was, and
continued to be, the most English of
all the princesses of Great Britain. In
consequence of this decision she did
not marry till 14 years later, when,
on June 12, 1866, she became the wife
of Francis, duke of Teck, and lived there-
after at Kew. Figaro asks what would
have been the result on the political
history of France in the second half
of the 19th century if the cousin of
Queen Victoria had been installed as
empress at the Tuileries.

Birth of a New Fashion.

An English writer is in a state of
amazement about the sudden way in
which the whole world will change
its ways. She wonders if the great
lights of fashion meet in secret places
and say to each other solemnly: "Let
us invent a new way of shaking
hands." Not at all; it happens this
way: When a great personage, as
beautiful as she is great, like the
Duchess of Leinster, for instance—
when this grand dame is in high
feather, with well-fitting satin bodice
and princess lace bertha—she natu-
rally flares away from such elegance
as the arm of musty broadcloth. Some-
body sees it, copies it, and there you
are! Then troubles come to milady—
the duke dies, and her widow's weeds
are of no consequence. She is not
particularly glad to see anybody. To be
sure, the duke looked her out one
night when she was late from a ball,
but it was decorous and restful to
grieve somewhat, nevertheless, for his
loss. So, when her hand is grasped
by a sympathetic visitor, she simply
raises it languidly and touches with
finger tips only. Everything the beau-
tiful duchess does is altogether lovely.

We cannot slay dukes, but we can
shake hands like a duchess. Of course,
we know our American duty by in-
spiration. Who tells us? Nobody.
England and America may have dif-
fered about small matters a hundred
years ago—they are Siamese twins to-
day, and in the fashionable handshake
they are as one.

A Woman Consul.

Probably the only woman who has
ever served as a United States consul
is an English lady, wife of Dr. A. J.
Little, the famous explorer. In the
eighties he was studying the province
of Sze Chuen, which lies to the east-
ward of Tibet. On account of the dis-
orderly condition of the natives he
left his wife at Ichang during his fre-
quent absences from that place.

The American consular agent was
called away by severe sickness and
left to visit a European physician who
was further down the river at Hankow.
There was some jealousy between him-
self and the people at the place, and
the only ones in whom he had con-
fidence were the lady and her husband.

Her husband was off exploring, and
so, in order to have some one in charge
of the consulate, he appointed Mrs.
Little and departed. There is very
little consular business in that part
of China, and neither he nor any one else
expected that his representative would
have anything to do.

But immediately after his departure
there was a series of local troubles be-
tween the literati and the American
missionaries, where the consulate was
called upon for aid and protection.

Mrs. Little, nothing daunted, took
up the dispatch books, and, using them
for models of correspondence, she
wrote a series of letters to the man-
darins so sharp and pointed that they
promptly caused justice to be done to
the evangelists of the district. She
worked very hard, and what with dip-
lomatic language, intimations that she
might send for an American gunboat
and timely hints that she might re-
port the Chinese official to the legation
at Peking, with a request for their
political degradation, she created al-
most a new age for the Christian
workers of that district.

She was cori ally thanked by those
she aided, and afterward was con-
gratulated by her superior and by the
consul general.

Mrs. Little is a fine linguist and an
able writer. She has traveled with
her husband many thousand miles in
the different provinces of the Mon-
golian empire and is said to know the
land better than any other woman of
our race.

Fashion Notes.

A pear-shaped turquoise at the end
of a dagger pin is a fashionable hair
ornament.

Aluminum paillettes are supersed-
ing those of silver, as they are lighter
in weight and do not tarnish.

"Peau de gant" is a new and supple
dress material which resembles pean
de soie, made of wool instead of silk.

The latest diamond necklace has a
flexible setting with a single row of
diamonds, tied in a knot in front with
loose ends.

Points de Venise lace in cream tint
on a silk net in various widths is the
trimming on many of the silk and satin
evening gowns.

Guipure lace yokes, edged with three
or four gathered frills of narrow Val-
enciennes lace, are one of the novel
features of bodice decoration.

Plaid velvets are made into gowns
for young ladies, and a little finish
of killed silk in some bright color in the
plaid on the bodice is the only trim-
ming they require.

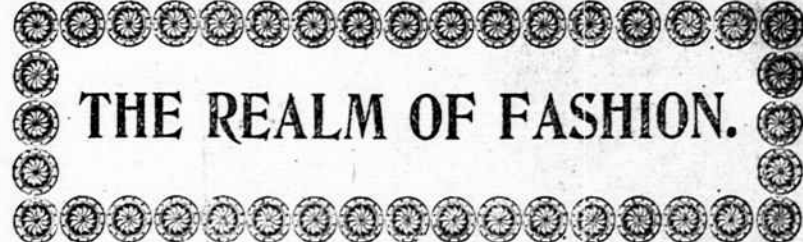
The variety in black materials is ex-
tensive this season, and the prettiest
of all are the bayadere cords in silk
and wool. Black poplins and corded
silks are very much worn.

Chantilly lace shawls are made into
evening wraps by cutting them in the
centre and draping them over a white
satin cape lined with red velvet. Chan-
tilly edging is used for the finish up
the front and red ostrich feathers for
the inside of the high collar.

Aigrettes, both black and white, with
tiny ostrich tips, or bows of velvet
with a diamond pin, are worn in the
hair for evening dress; but one feather
rising from a little twist of velvet is a
most approved fashion. A cut steel
bow with a white osprey is another
novelty.

Plaid silk is combined with plain
cloth in some of the new costumes,
when it appears in folds, vest fronts,
yokes and flounces. Three deep plaid
flounces entirely covering a black silk
skirt are a novelty, indeed, and this
is worn with a black silk or satin
bodice with plaid blouse vest and
epaulettes.

The truly fashionable woman this
season is a brilliant object to look
upon, decked out in both real and imi-
tation jewels, for which fashion has
found so many uses. They sparkle in
the folds of lace, glitter in the belt
around her waist, and help out the
scheme of embroidery on her gowns.
Her umbrella handle and lorgnettes
are jeweled, and diamond pins gleam
in her hair.



THE REALM OF FASHION.

While red is much in vogue for all
ages it is peculiarly suited, according
to May Manton, to the gowns designed
for children's wear. The attractive

portion is separate and seamed at the
waist line. The sleeves are two-
seamed and show only slight fulness
at the shoulders. Beneath the epau-
letttes they are seamed to the lining
only, an extra strip of the cloth being
stitched on to insure strength. The
entire garment is lined with taffeta
silk in a harmonizing shade of red.

To make this blouse for a lady in
the medium size will require two
yards of forty-four-inch material.

Ermine is Coming In.

Among the coming fashions ermine
bids fair to regain its lost reputation,
and will be seen once more on coats
and capes. It had a slight revival
last winter, but this year its claims are
already noticeable. There is a ques-
tionable doubt as to its being becom-
ing—at any rate it can never com-
pare with the lovely sable.

Petticoats of Silk Moreen.

Petticoats of silk moreen with taffeta
silk ruffles are recommended for wear-
ing qualities, which the all taffeta
skirt does not possess. The material
comes in a variety of pretty colors.

Dress For a Child.

No other style, however good, ever
supersedes the one shown in the illus-
tration. While it is in every way suit-
able for a wee child of two it can also
be worn by girls up to the eighth
year. As illustrated the material is
pale pink cashmere with bands of
velvet ribbon of the same color and bole-
ro of the material embroidered with
white and edged with frills of pink



GIRL'S COSTUME.

and stylish model shown is of cashmere
in the brilliant shade known as tulip,
with trimmings and sash of black
velvet ribbon. The full waist, which



STYLISH LADIES' BLOUSE.

pouches very slightly over the belt, is
made over a lining that fits the figure
snugly at the front, the backs of which
are cut exactly as is the outside. The
yoke portions of surah striped with
narrow black velvet are faced onto the
lining to the depth indicated. The
full portion is applied, the fulness
arranged in gathers at the waist and
the pointed edges finished with two
bands of velvet. The sleeves are two-
seamed and fit snugly well above the
elbow but show slight puffs at the
shoulders which support the full
epaulettes.

The skirt is cut in four gores and
fits smoothly at the front and hips. It
is lined throughout and is trimmed
with double row of velvet ribbon
applied in points. At the waist is a
belt with bow and ends of wider rib-
bon.

To make this costume for a girl of
twelve years will require three and
three-fourths yards of forty-four-inch
material with one-half yard of twenty-
two-inch silk for the yoke.

Ladies' Blouse.

The popularity of the cloth costume
is an established fact, says May Man-
ton. The stylish model shown in the
large illustration is well adapted to
zibeline, broadcloth and cheviot, worn
with a skirt of the same, and over a
short waist of silk or velvet. As illus-
trated, the material is zibeline in deep
Bordeaux-red with trimming of astra-
khan and yoke of smooth-faced cloth,
banded with narrow black braid.
With it is shown a belt of handsome
black leather, and a hat of black vel-
vet with ostrich plumes.

The foundation for the blouse is a
fitted lining made in the usual man-
ner, and closing at the centre-front.
The blouse proper is fitted by shoul-
der and under-arm seams only, the
tabbed epaulettes being cut as parts
of the back and fronts. The yoke is
seamed to the right shoulder, and
hooks over to the left. The blouse
pouches well over the belt and closes
invisibly at the left side. The basque



CHILD'S DRESS.

Frills of the ribbon edged with bands
of velvet make the finish at neck and
form tiny cuffs.

To make this dress for a child of
four years will require two and one-
fourth yards of forty-four-inch or
three yards of thirty-six-inch material.